

Oblivious

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Category: Avengers

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Black Widow/Natasha R., Hulk/Bruce B., Iron Man/Tony S.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 07:09:53

Updated: 2016-04-10 07:09:53

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:41:28

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,241

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It wasn't that Tony thought a woman would never flirt with Bruce Banner, it was just that when it did happen, his friend remained blissfully unaware it was even happening. Every. Single. Time.

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****Oblivious**:**

It wasn't that Tony thought a woman would never flirt with Bruce Banner, it was just that when it did happen, his friend remained blissfully unaware it was even happening.

Every. Single. Time.

It just seemed improbable that a scientist, a man who focused on facts and details, could remain remarkably unobservant to something so simple. Though Tony had to admit, at first even he wasn't sure if it was flirting, not until the end. He had just walked into the lounge to finally tell his best friend where his lost glasses were when he caught him talking to Natasha who was perched on a barstool and sipping from a martini glass.

He watched the assassin blink a few times with obvious confusion as she studied Bruce, clearly wondering if he was joking about whatever Tony hadn't heard before walking up, and she took another small sip from her glass. Afterwards she tilted her head to the side just slightly, "I'm sorry...you're looking for what again?"

"My...glasses?" came Bruce's awkward answer. Both Tony and Bruce knew that there was no way she had missed it the first time he said it, and Tony found himself chuckling to himself as Natasha stared blankly at the scientist before her. "Uh...you know, they're probably not in

here. I just couldn't sit in the lab anymore, I was getting a headache trying to work," he stated with a shrug, "and Tony kept making it a game of hot or cold. Except no matter where I went, he said 'hot'. Not exactly useful..."

Tony almost laughed in an instant because Natasha was still staring at Bruce, unblinking now, and only just barely containing her amusement as she hid the smallest upward curl of her lips with her martini glass. "Sounds like a very Stark think to do," she commented with the barest of shrugs.

And he honestly couldn't believe she hadn't told the poor scientist yet herself.

"I've gotten used to it," Bruce admitted with a sigh.

"You enjoy his antics," Natasha stated next.

Bruce didn't disagree, "Most of the time."

Her expression was still fairly indifferent and Tony shook his head a little as she sipped at her drink once more before she spoke again, "Well, I suppose somebody had to."

And that was just plain rude. True. But rude.

But his friend did laugh a little in response, "I suppose you're right. Anyways, I should...go find my glasses."

There was half a moment where Tony thought Natasha was about to let Bruce walk out of the lounge before the redhead cleared her throat. He saw Bruce turn around as Natasha placed her glass down on the bar counter before she stood up and stepped right inside Bruce's personal space. The man looked about as uncomfortable as humanly possible when Natasha finally removed her neutral expression in favor of one of genuine amusement. He watched as she reached up, plucked the glasses off Bruce's head, and pulled them down onto his nose.

To his best friend's credit, the man did look thoroughly embarrassed, which only seemed to make that slanted little smile on Natasha's face quirk further upward. "Well, I suppose Stark wasn't wrong," she assured him with a pat on the chest and a wink, "you were hot the whole time."

Tony wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't heard it, in fact, he had to rub his eyes just to make sure he hadn't gotten drunk and simply forgotten the part where he drank.

"Funny," and the flirtation went right over his head as Bruce just gave a little sigh while he adjusted the glasses more properly, "Three hours and he couldn't just tell me."

Tony almost couldn't contain his laugh when Natasha blinked a few times at Bruce's unresponsiveness to her flirtation before she seemed to shrug it off. "Well, I can't say I blame him, but next time you might just want to use your head," she told him with a tiny little smirk before she took her perch at the bar again and picked her drink back up.

"Um...thanks, by the way," Bruce tacked on as he pointed to his face,

"for telling me."

"Well, you were going to find a mirror eventually."

Tony kept his arms folded when his friend chuckled and he waited patiently until his friend got to him in the hallway. Bruce gave him a rather perturbed look when he saw him and shook his head before he commented, "Thanks for letting me completely embarrass myself like that."

Tony snickered in an instant, "Did you really not just notice that Romanoff hit on you?"

That seemed to ruffle the scientist's feathers and he looked thoroughly confused, "She didn't hit on me, and considering I was there, I think I would know..."

"Apparently you wouldn't," Tony pointed out, "because she did."

"She was being nice, unlike you," Bruce said with a fair amount of conviction.

And boy. The man really did believe that. "Riiight," Tony drawled out with a roll of his eyes, "because Romanoff is the picture of friendliness, right up until she shoves a pencil in your ear and into your brain."

"That's a little uncalled for..."

Tony couldn't help but roll his eyes again, "Bruce. The woman just said you were hot. The whole time."

"She was making a joke," Bruce insisted.

"Sure thing, buddy," Tony said with a sigh as he walked away, "sure thing."

And it wasn't as though that was the only time. Just the first time.

Tony had watched the two have a conversation during one of his many shindigs where Natasha had actually placed her hand on Bruce's arm for just a few seconds as she laughed a little more freely than usual at something his best friend said, but it seemed that after her bold comment in the first situation she had switched to subtlety, or maybe she wasn't actually interested. It was, however, quite entertaining to watch every single moment go over Bruce's head like it never happened.

Still, her subtlety might have been a little too subtle for someone like his best friend. Tony noted the time where Bruce got up and pulled her chair out for her when she stepped out of the kitchen with her bowl of cereal one morning to be one of those moments. Their resident minx of an assassin already had a spoonful in her mouth as she took the seat, gave Bruce a rather coy look beneath her eyelashes, then went about her breakfast with ease when Bruce went unhinged by the look. Really, Tony couldn't understand for the life of him how anyone couldn't see that look as flirty, but the redhead seemed more amused than anything with Bruce's inability to comprehend it.

In fact, Natasha had begun pulling every possible move in the playbook for women flirting with men. The two would watch an old movie, chat on the couch, and she would do that _thing_ women did with their hair that drove men crazy. Just letting that one piece fall too far in front of her face, then when Bruce actually looked at her, she would tuck it back into place behind her ear and smile. At that point, Tony wasn't sure if Bruce was actually oblivious or if he was just the single man on the planet who wasn't interested in her.

But by far, Tony's second next favorite 'Oblivi-Bruce moment', as he had come to call them, was when his poor friend actually paid the redhead a compliment.

Another shindig after weeks of Natasha's subtle little flirtations and she walked into it wearing a little emerald colored number that turned most of the heads in the room. It seemed she was thoroughly against letting other people make her drinks, Tony learned, because she was back behind the bar and creating her own as she ineffectively ignored any person who paid her any mind or compliments. He had also learned during his time in the tower, that though Natasha seemed to enjoy flirting, she only seemed to enjoy it on her own terms.

And then Bruce took a seat on the bar stool across from her and Tony moved closer, watching as she glanced up to acknowledge whoever had joined her, glanced back down at her drink, then shifted her gaze back to Bruce. It was apparent to Tony that she hadn't expected it to be Bruce, but not apparent to the scientist who gave her a smile, and Natasha merely looked indifferent to his appearance.

Then Bruce broke a barrier between them, "You look nice."

She blinked rapidly and, quite frankly, Tony couldn't really blame her for being at least mildly surprised. Bruce didn't compliment and until now Tony wasn't even sure his friend knew what one was, though he didn't exactly compliment very well, or perhaps Natasha was simply uninterested now that it wasn't on her terms. Then she poured two drinks and pushed one across the bar to Bruce with a small smile, "Thanks. What are your plans for after the party?"

"Just going to go back down to the lab, work on a few more projects," was the easy reply.

Tony could have slapped himself in the face.

But Natasha didn't miss a beat as she attempted a different way of telling him she wanted his attention after the party, "I was thinking about watching a movie."

"Sounds fun," Bruce commented without a second thought, "anyways, just wanted to come over and say hi before I made my escape...party's really aren't my scene."

Tony swore he saw actual frustration cross her features for just a moment as she watched the scientist walk away, and really, Tony couldn't exactly blame her. It had to be exasperating when one of your best assets was your ability to get a man's attention and you actually couldn't get it. So he took Bruce's vacated seat and abandoned drink. "Tell me something, Red. Do you actually want

Bruce's attention or are all these little moves of yours just for your own entertainment?" he questioned, "because you don't look quite so amused all of the sudden."

Her face was even more neutral than Switzerland as she answered, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

And Tony shook his head as she took her own drink and walked away. "Of course you don't," he grumbled with a roll of his eyes.

It was only after that party ended, when Tony went down to the lab, that he found them conversing once more.

And Bruce was once again on the prowl for his glasses.

"I really don't understand how I lose them...and before you ask, yes...I checked my head," his friend told Natasha as she gave him a sly little grin.

It was so ridiculous that Tony almost couldn't contain his laughter.

"Bruce..."

"I mean, really, I lose them all the time," his friend continued on the rant as he pushed papers around on the desk, lifted objects that couldn't possibly be hiding said glasses.

"Bruce," Natasha tried again.

"I should probably get more than one pair..."

"Bruce!"

She finally got Bruce's attention and he looked with a little bit of wide-eyed wonder, "Uh...sorry, what is it?"

Natasha's chuckle left her lips in an instant as her hand reached out, her fingertips reached into the pocket on Bruce's chest, and she pulled out the glasses he had been searching for. That was the moment he saw genuine affection in her eyes as she, much like she had done the first time, put the glasses in place over Bruce's eyes. "Maybe you should just put a GPS tracker on them," she teased as she straightened the glasses out for him, "it would be a real shame if you lost them for real and needed new ones. I like these on you."

It seemed to be the first time one of her attempts didn't go over Bruce's head like a rocket, and Tony thought that maybe, that was because this time was the most genuine she had been. Bruce was red as a tomato as Natasha gave him a playful pat to the side of his face and she walked out the opposite entrance of the lab without another word.

Tony took that as his cue to go in and sit down, watching his friend stare after Natasha with befuddled embarrassment, and then Bruce turned and looked at him. "Did she just...?"

"Yup."

"And she has been...?"

Thankfully, Tony learned to speak Bruce, "Yep."

"Sheâ€"she...has she really been flirting this whole time?" came his question.

"Well, suffice it to say that you're no longer hot, my friend, you are on _fire_."

"Uh..." Bruce looked a little baffled for half a moment before that comment actually hit him, then his face became redder than before, "_Oh..._"

And Tony finally released the laugh he'd been holding in for weeks.

* * *

><p>Hope you enjoyed this little bout of randomness my mind crafted!

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